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PHONE 1100.

OUR PRESCRIPTION DEPARTMENT SPEAKS FOR ITSELF

4th JULY CELEBRATION

Electric Park

Under Auspices of

PENSACOLA LODGE, No. 4, JOPPA LODGE, No. 6, NAOMI REBEKAH LODGE, No. 10, AND EXCELSIOR ENCAMPMENT No. 4, I. O. O. F.

SPORTS OF ALL KINDS!

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MUSIC.

SKATING RINK.

DANCING.

...FIREWORKS DISPLAY...

LIST OF SPORTS.

Base Ball between two local teams. Special prize for player who knocks ball farthest. Exciting Horse Race. Foot Race for Boys. Foot Race for Girls. High Jump. Broad Jump. Throwing the Shot. Mixed Shoe Race. Sack Race. Egg Race for Girls. Climbing the Greasy Pole. Tugging the Donkey. Cracker Eating Contest. Greasy Pig Race. Ugliest Man on Grounds. Most Popular Young Lady on Grounds. Tug-of-war between married and single men. Prize to Best Lady Dancer. Prize to Best Gentleman Dancer. Prizes will be announced later. Sports start promptly at 2 o'clock.

...REFRESHMENTS...

MUSIC BY BARRIOS' FULL ORCHESTRA.

Admission, 25c.
Children under 12 years, 10c.

ELECTRIC CARS EVERY THIRTY MINUTES.

The committee reserves the right to refuse admission to objectionable parties.

EXTRA

THE "NAVAJO" CLUB

will entertain visitors and the general public with a

Moonlight Hop and Dance

The Life Saving Station,

Tuesday Night, June 27.

Come and enjoy yourselves dancing and bathing. Enjoy the cool Gulf breeze. Good music will be furnished by Barrios' orchestra.

"MONARCH"

Leaves Palafox wharf at 7:30 p. m.

REFRESHMENTS.

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Legends, Romances and Tragedies of Fort Brooke

This fort was established by the United States in 1823, and named for a table and said to them: "That is the flag of my country. I was born under it. In North Carolina, my mother and grandmother were born under it, we have loved it always, and you, cannot lay your hands on it! If you do I will kill you." They argued with her and tried to convince her that they could not allow her to keep the flag of a country with which they were at war but she still refused them to touch it and, being southern men, they had been taught reverence for women, so they turned and left her house, leaving her in possession of the flag, which she retained all during the war and still has. When asked how she could have resisted if they had tried to take it from her, she said: "I had an iron poker near, and I would have brained the man who touched it," and she looked as if she might have done it. This equals Whittier's story of Barbara Frietche of Fredericktown.

Christian Perkins is a little woman, but with strength of character and energy far above the average. She also has been a widow many years, has reared, mostly by her own efforts, a family of children and still lives in the little home on the land she bought from the government. She is within a stone's throw of the courthouse in the center of the city, but has never been persuaded to sell her, modest home.

An Indian Legend.

Among the Indian legends of Fort Brooke, the story of "Wanaloia and Perival" is one of the most interesting. Some of the troops having gone out to raid and destroy an Indian village, they burned the palmetto thatched cabins, killed what men were there to offer resistance and captured the women and children, taking them to hold as hostages for some white prisoners the Indians had captured. The chief and warriors were away at the time. Among those captured was Wanalota, Water Lily, daughter of a Miccosukee Chief. She was about sixteen years of age and very fair, the red blood showing through her light brown skin, had large soft brown eyes like the eyes of a fawn, teeth like rows of pearls, small hands and feet, soft, silky black hair, with lovely girlish form; needless to say further, she was beautiful. While prisoners in Fort Brooke, these captives were sometimes allowed to walk in the grounds around the fort under the oaks, with a guard in attendance. One day there was an arrow shot into the fort which fell near by the Indian captives. It had a feather from the Golden Plover attached to it, also the bug of a blue lily fastened to it with strands of black hair. An Indian woman sprang forward and picked it up, holding it out toward Wanalota. The guards came and took the arrow, but of course they could not understand its meaning, but not so the Indians. They seemed to know, but when questioned by an interpreter they would say nothing. The soldiers of the garrison increased their vigilance, being sure that this was a message, although they could not know its import. Wanalota had not often cared to go with the others under the oaks, but on the next day she went. This greatly pleased a young soldier, appointed as guard.

Seminoles Never Conquered.

Nancy Collar was married in 1836 to Robert Jackson, who had been a West Point cadet and was assistant to the surgeon. They were still in the garrison when Gen. Taylor had headquarters there. Mrs. Jackson remembers well Osceola and Coacoochee. She met many of the chiefs when they came in to peace conferences, and has seen them made captive at the time. She raises her head, and with a flash of her dark eyes says proudly, "the Seminoles have never been conquered, they refused to leave their homes, and yonder they are in the Everglades."

When her family fled to the fort for protection Major Belden and Major Dade, with two companies, comprised the garrison. One day an orderly arrived bearing the command that one company should come at once to the assistance of Fort King. Nancy Collar being in the next room, with only a board partition, heard the conversation between Major Belden and Major Dade. Major Belden said it was "madness for one company to attempt to pass through the country of hostile Indians on the war path, and that he would resign before he would go. He said he would take his men to be butchered." Maj. Dade said "My superior officer orders me to come and I will go. I will not act the coward. I will die first." She says that when his men were drawn up in line to start they bade Major Dade good-bye with tears in their eyes, but that his parting words were brave and calm, although he knew that it was a forlorn hope, and that he was going to his death; the memory of the massacre will never be forgotten, all were killed, save one.

Located at Tampa.

After the Seminole war, Mrs. Jackson located on the west bank of the Hillsborough river and lives there still. She has been a widow forty years and has seen Tampa grow from a population of three white families in 1823 to a city of 40,000 inhabitants. This lady is tall and slender, erect at 90 years, has bright, brown eyes that can still flash when telling some of her experiences, but have a lovely, sweet expression when she smiles, has quite abundant gray hair, small, slender hands with tapering fingers, looks the gentlewoman and shows the blood of her French ancestors. Her life has been, like the history of Florida, mixed with romance and tragedy.

The maiden name of the lady of 87 years was Christiana Rouze of North Carolina, married at 16 and came to Florida, settling first on Indian land. The Indian neighbors being friendly, she knew them well and had friends among them. Later her husband determined to move to Tampa. They came by boat and, a storm occurring, the boat was wrecked and her husband drowned. She was cast ashore by the waves and later regained consciousness. Out of twenty on board five were saved, one white man and three negro slaves, besides herself. They wandered through the woods for three days without food, trying to reach some settlement. They were sitting on logs exhausted the evening of the third day when they heard a shot. The white man sent the three negroes to try to reach the settlement. About daylight the next morning help arrived, and a month later the lady gave birth to a child. Some time afterward she came to Tampa, about 1834. Here she lived in the garrison and did sewing and what she could find to do to support herself and child. Two years later she married the second time, a Mr. Perkins. They bought a lot from the government after the Seminole war and had a little home.

Flag of Her Country.

When the Civil War began, her husband, being a union man, left Tampa and went to Key West, leaving his wife and three children here. After he left a lieutenant and two Confederate soldiers came to her house one day and told her that they had been told that she had a Yankee flag and they had come to get it. She told them they could not get it. They then asked her old slave to get the flag, the stars and stripes, brought it into the room

where they were, opened it out over a table and said to them: "That is the flag of my country. I was born under it. In North Carolina, my mother and grandmother were born under it, we have loved it always, and you, cannot lay your hands on it! If you do I will kill you." They argued with her and tried to convince her that they could not allow her to keep the flag of a country with which they were at war but she still refused them to touch it and, being southern men, they had been taught reverence for women, so they turned and left her house, leaving her in possession of the flag, which she retained all during the war and still has. When asked how she could have resisted if they had tried to take it from her, she said: "I had an iron poker near, and I would have brained the man who touched it," and she looked as if she might have done it. This equals Whittier's story of Barbara Frietche of Fredericktown.

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50 PAIR MEN'S LOW SHOES IN VICI AND VELOUR, SIZES 5 1/2 TO 11 \$2.50 AND \$3.00 VALUES, THIS SALE \$1.95.

ONE LOT OF MEN'S FINE GOLF SHOES IN TAN AND BLACK AT \$2.75, WORTH \$3.50.

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CAPT. BENNIE EDMUNDSON, OWNER.

dians. They were preparing to torture him in trying to gain information from him when a young chief, coming up, glanced at him, turned quickly and a few moments later came back, bringing his wife, Wanalota. So soon as she saw him she made them unfasten the cords that were cutting into his flesh, and had him taken to a cone-like cabin, beside her own, and there nursed and tended him until his wound was healed. Then the chief, her husband, with another Indian, took him within a few miles of Fort Brooke and released him.

She said to him by signs and the few words that he could understand that she knew he had helped her to escape by giving no alarm, that she was grateful, and that he was not her enemy, and she hoped he would go no more upon the warpath. Percival felt that his life was new to order, because she had saved it. He returned to the fort, resigned from his command and went home to Virginia.

Thus the Indians lost an enemy and the government a soldier. It is to be hoped that he found consolation later for his wounded heart.

Just What Everyone Should Do. Mr. J. T. Barber, of Irwinville, Ga., always keeps a bottle of Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy at hand ready for instant use. Attacks of colic, cholera morbus and diarrhoea come on so suddenly that there is no time to hunt a doctor or go to the store for medicine. Mr. Barber says: "I have tried Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy, which is one of the best medicines I ever saw. I keep a bottle of it in my room and I have had several attacks of colic and it has proved to be the best medicine I ever used." Sold by all druggists.

In the three weeks of their stay, the youth Percival had completely lost his heart to this Indian girl. Her beauty and youth had appealed to his sympathy and it was not long before sympathy became a warmer feeling. She seemed unapproachable and advances on his part had received no encouragement. Unfortunately he could not speak her language, but he had made efforts to acquire something of it. This day the Indian women did not keep together but went in different ways, some of them endeavoring to keep the soldier's attention, which for a few minutes they did, but when he saw Wanalota some distance away near the water's edge, he went toward her. When you walk on this sand you make no noise, so he was able to get near before she knew, when he was surprised to hear her speaking. The low tones were so musical that he waited, a little way off, hesitating to break in upon her soliloquy. Some of the other Indians gave a low bird's call, and as he turned to look at them, he saw them running back into the wood and started toward them, however, pausing on the way to look for Wanalota, when he could no longer see her.

A Daring Escape.

He rushed back to the water's edge, when she came up in the water quite a distance from shore. He threw down his gun and plunged in to go to her, but as he was swimming toward her saw another head come up beside hers that of a young Indian, and soon realized that he could not equal this Indian in swimming, had left his gun, but would not have used it, as he would not have risked shooting Wanalota. He did not shout or call for help from the fort because he feared for her safety, that if they fired on the Indian with her she might be hurt.

About a hundred yards away the reeds and palmettos grew down to the water's edge, and just beyond a boat shot out into the water, rowed by another Indian; then Percival understood that it was a rescue. Unarmed and unable to come up with them he returned to the shore. The boat had taken in the two swimmers and was rowed by the two men rapidly out into the bay, across the mouth and towards the west bank of the Hillsborough river.

There later he found that the boat was left at the mouth of Old Spanish creek, and that they must have waded this some distance, for no tracks were found. The Indian women told afterward that they knew the arrow to be from a young Indian chief to whom Wanalota was promised in marriage; that his name meant Golden Plover; that the blue lily had meant Wanalota, and that the young chief was in the oak tree, on the edge of the water, lying on one of its broad limbs and hidden by the gray moss; that it was to him that Wanalota was speaking; and that they had given the signal and ran to warn the wood to distract his attention while the Indian sprang from the tree and with Wanalota into the water, diving time and again to get well out from shore. The pickets stationed further out had seen nothing of it all. The wonderful daring of this rescue helped to make it successful.

Saved Percival's Life.

Nearly a year afterward Percival was wounded and captured by the In-